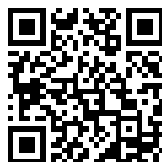

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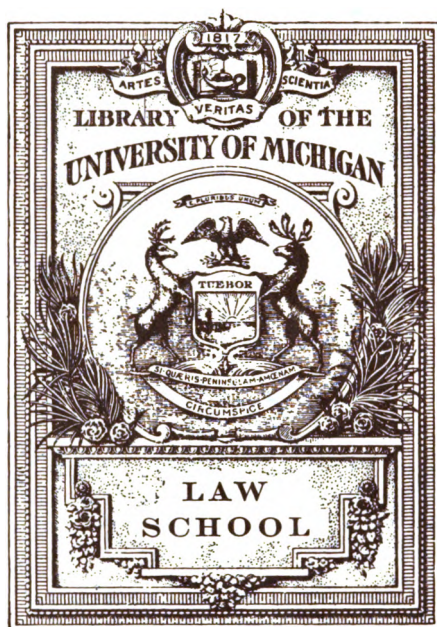
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NEWGATE

OF CONNECTICUT:

A HISTORY OF THE PRISON,
ITS
INSURRECTIONS, MASSACRES, &C.
IMPRISONMENT OF THE

TORIES,

In the Revolution.

THE ANCIENT AND RECENT WORKING OF
Its MINES, &c.,
TO WHICH IS APPENDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE
STATE PRISON,
AT WETHERSFIELD.

By RICHARD H. PHELPS, EAST GRANBY, CONN.

THIRD EDITION.

HARTFORD.

PRESS OF ELIHU GEER, 261½ STATE STREET.
1844.

The favor with which the preceding numbers of this work has been received by the public, and the readiness of sale, has called for the present edition. Matter of interest has since been collected of several pages, and a good engraving of Newgate has been procured, conveying a correct view of the prison, and the work in its improved appearance is now presented to the public with confidence, by

THE AUTHOR.

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NEWGATE PRISON.

THE main design of the following has been to collect and embody facts relating to *Newgate*, the former prison of the State of Connecticut. There are many circumstances respecting the Mines, and also while it was kept as a prison, which are interesting, to those at least, who like the writer, reside in its vicinity, and who have noticed many of its scenes; and judging from the numbers who travel far to explore its caverns and the works which now cover its grounds, it will continue long to be an object of interest and examination—time will wear slowly upon its strength, and age will but add to its interest. Many inquiries are also made about it of those living near it when they travel abroad, and when it is known that they are familiar with its history. When Dr. Franklin resided in Philadelphia, having occasion to travel to Boston, and knowing the gift of many of the Yankees in asking questions, in order to satisfy their importunity and save time in his answers, he adopted the expedient of printing a number of cards, stating that he resided in Philadelphia, was a printer by trade, and on his way to Boston; these he gave to his questioners whenever they commenced their attacks upon him. This account, if it serves no general use, may at least, serve to answer many important questions.

It is useful to record events in their day before they are forgotten, or are handed down as tales and traditions. If a record of the events connected with some of the monuments, castles and fortresses in Europe, or ruins in Central America, could now be obtained, it would be of vast interest to antiquarians, and would greatly assist historians to substantiate valuable history.

When the aged in this vicinity are gone, and that soon must be, this prison fortress will doubtless remain; the traveller then will ask — Who built these towers? Why these huge grates, these trenches and these walls? How came these spacious caverns to be dug out of solid rocks, and why those rings and those fetters fastened to their massive sides? Surely the echo of these caverns cannot answer, nor the people who lived cotemporaneous with their use. Therefore, sufficient is said as an apology for these hasty sketches. The materials for the work have been gathered from a variety of sources. A part is statistical, from the ancient colonial records — and some is taken from the verbal statements kindly

furnished by the aged now living; much also has been related to the author by the aged who have been for years deceased, and who knew personally of the circumstances and events which are herein recorded, and all may be relied upon as being generally correct.

NEWGATE is the name by which the prison was called in the days of the Revolution, and was so called after Newgate prison in England. Our forefathers, in giving names to many of their towns and cities, also copied from those of their ancestral home, doubtless wishing to make their adopted country wear the familiar aspect of their native land; and in christening this prison after a receptacle of rogues in London, they intended to give to it a prison-like appearance, and to comprehend all of hideous name, gloomy, and terrible!

The prison situated near the centre of Granby, occupies an eminence at the base, and on the western side of the Greenstone mountain, which here rises to an elevation higher than at any other place in the State, giving to the scenery around, an impression of grandeur and sublimity, seldom surpassed. The site of the prison was formerly included within the limits of the town of Simsbury, and so remained until 1786, when a part of the town including the limits of the prison, was set off and incorporated under the name of Granby; hence the place was at that time known by the name of *Simsbury Copper Mines, on Copper Hill*. The title to the mines was for a long time disputed in law between individuals, when so early as 1753, the General Court of the Colony appointed a Committee to investigate the subject; who gave a decision which was afterwards confirmed. The first working of these mines bears a far earlier date, as appears by the following:

[“Anno Regni Annae Reginae, V Septimo A. D. 1709”.]—“*An act relating to the Copper Mines at Simsbury.*”

“Whereas, there hath lately been discovered a copper mine at Simsbury which hath been so improved as to give good satisfaction to conclude that a public benefit may arise therefrom: Now, for the better encouraging, directing and enabling the proprietors and undertakers, or others that are or may be concerned therein, their heirs and assigns, to manage, carry on, and improve said mines to the best advantage,” &c.

In 1714, the records show that the use of the mines were purchased by Jonathan Belcher of Boston, (afterwards Governor,) Timothy Woodbridge, Jr. and Wm. Partridge, and in 1721 they had miners from Germany employed, and were expending seventy pounds per month in the work. They were particular in their lease to have it expressly stated, that one fifth of all metals, &c.

which might be procured should go to the *crown* — thus acknowledging themselves most loyal and devoted subjects of taxation and revenue to his Majesty. The laws of the colony permitting slavery, they employed slaves to a considerable extent in working the mines, — owing to the want of capital or of enterprize they did not take sufficient pains in digging drains or levels to let off the water which entered through the crevices of rock, and they resorted to the expedient of pumping it out. Laborers in the vicinity were employed for the purpose, and some of the farmers in the town of Windsor actually were accustomed to ride to the mines, and work at that business in the night, and return to their farms in the morning, and their wages were paid in gold, silver and copper coin. The present extent of the excavations prove that the business was prosecuted with some effect, and that immense quantities of ore have been taken — several stamping mills carried by water were built in neighboring places, and actively employed in pulverizing the ore — furnaces were also constructed for smelting it, and a coin, known by the name of “Higley’s coppers,” made from the ore, used to pass quite current for change.

The rage in the Colony upon the business of mining about that period was very brisk, as it would seem from the following petition copied from the records :

“*To the Honnell, The Gov’e Councill and Representatives in General Court assembled in New Haven, Oct. 16th, A. D. 1733:*

“The Prayer of Joseph Whiting of New Haven Humbly Sheweth, That your Suppliant hat Expended a Considerable time and money in Searching after Mines, and has made farther Discoveries perhaps than any other man in this Colony has before done, and having met with such incourgement as that I am willing to be at farther Expense in the Same Search — but ready money being so absolutely necessary therein ; I therefore Humbly pray this assembly will be pleased to lease me one thousand pounds of the money Granted last may to be struck, and now to be disposed of by this assembly — upon double security in Lands and Bonds, for the payment of the interest every year ; the principall to be Returned at the Expiration of ten years,” &c.

JOSEPH WHITING.”

A great deal of labor and capital without doubt was expended, as the aforesaid petitioner says, “*in searching after mines,*” and the evidence may be seen in the numerous pits and shafts which have been dug in the whole range of this moutain to New Haven.

At that day, as in all previous time since the world began, and as is seen at the present day, their chief aim appeared to be to make their fortunes by head-work — by speculation, and choosing

rather to spend their time and risk their fortunes in mining and other uncertain projects, rather than to dig upon the *surface* of good old mother earth, for a *sure and honest living*.

The news of mineral wealth had the effect which it generally does upon British cupidity, and in 1760 a company was formed in England for the purpose of prosecuting the business of mining. They dug wells in several places, one of which is eighty feet deep, and sunk a shaft through solid rock to the depth of between thirty and forty feet. Through this shaft they lifted many hundred tons of rock and ore, a large quantity of which was deposited about one mile east of the mountain in Turkey Hills, at a place now marked by an entire dearth of vegetation, owing to the poisonous qualities extracted from the ore. From thence it was taken to Hartford by teams, where it was shipped to New York, and two vessels were freighted with it, and sent to England. These vessels were both lost; one was captured as a prize by the French, being at that time at war with England — the other was unfortunately sunk in the English Channel. These disasters, together with the great labor expended in digging, and the laws of England prohibiting the smelting of it in this country, disheartened the company, and the further prosecution of the work was abandoned.

These caverns were first occupied as a place for the confinement of Tories about the beginning of the American Revolution. What an astonishing train of events followed and how distant from the minds of the British company of miners, the idea that they were actually hewing out prison cells for the lodgment of their friends, the Tories of the United States!

At first the number confined in these caverns did not exceed five or six, but as time developed events, the numbers increased. When the tea was thrown into the sea at Boston in 1773, and that port closed by an act of Parliament, so great was the excitement and so indignant were the people, particularly of Massachusetts and Connecticut, on account of British oppression, that the use of tea and all commodities imported in British vessels and subject to duty, were prohibited. Most of the Tories confined there were guilty of some crime, although several persons it is said were confined in the dungeons for the crime of having a small quantity of tea and other articles of British import in their possession; true the contrast in the times may appear rather curious, for at this day a housekeeper would be judged by common consent, deserving the same punishment for being suspected of *not* keeping them on hand. Our ancestors knew no half-way policy, and seldom adopted dilatory measures to carry their points — tea vessels if then kept at all were kept out of sight — teapots were run into musket balls, and they were the kind of currency with which the people dealt with old England.

Public opinion in some of the colonies against those who favored the mother country was very rigid, authorizing any person even to shoot them if they were found beyond the limits of their own premises; persons now living well remember a tory who was shot in the town of Simsbury. Those who possessed not the hardihood thus summarily to dispatch a neighbor or relative for not choosing to fight for the country, or for purchasing of the British, adopted the more humane expedient of penning them up in the caverns, where they could at least leisurely examine the evidence of British labor, although not allowed the blessed boon of being governed by British laws. We cannot for a moment doubt the noble intentions of the American patriots in the severity of those measures, for the results are now universally acknowledged and are generally appreciated. If at the commencement of their struggle for liberty, they had permitted those emissaries to raise a question as to the right of independent government, and had suffered them to prowl about unmolested, and to spread the fuel of disaffection, a *civil*, instead of a national war, must have followed. The proud eagle of Liberty would not so soon have risen over this land of plenty, and the reveille of English soldiery would have told misfortune's tale, of a government of force.

Most of those confined were persons of character, property and great influence, they being the ones to do harm rather than those who were mere weathercocks in principle, and vascillating in practice. Their first keeper was Capt. John Viets, who resided near by, and who supplied them daily with food and necessaries which were required. At that time there was no guard kept through the day, but two or three sentinels kept watch during the night.

There was an ante-room or passage through which to pass before reaching their cell, and the usual practice of Capt. Viets when he carried their food, was to look through the grates into this passage to observe whether they were near the door, and if not then to enter, lock the door after him, and pass on to the next. The inmates soon learned his custom and accordingly prepared themselves for an escape. When the Capt. came the next time, some of them had contrived to unbar their cell door, and huddled themselves in a corner behind the door in the passage, where they could not easily be seen, and upon his opening it they sprang upon him, threw him down, pulled him in and taking the key from his possession, they locked him up and made good their escape. What were the Captain's reflections on his sudden transition from keeper to that of prisoner, is not stated, but he probably thought with Falstaff, that "discretion would have been the better part of valor," and he must adopt, in future, more cautious measures; his absence was soon discovered by his family, who came to his relief

The inhabitants around rallied immediately and gave chase to the absconding heroes, and finally succeeded in capturing nearly the whole of them; several were taken in attempting to cross the Tunxis or Farmington river, at Scotland bridge, a few miles south, a guard having been stationed at that place to intercept them. Some Santa Anna-like, took refuge upon trees, and there met with a more certain capture. A respected matron then a child, now states that the news of their escape and capture, spread as much dread or terror among the children in the neighborhood, as if they had been a band of midnight assassins.

The tories confined in the dungeon, often in the course of the war, amused themselves in making poetry in derision of the measures which were carried on by the patriots against England. The following are a part of some rhymes (referring to the patriots) composed by them and sent to their keeper.

“Many of them in halters will swing
Before *John Hancock* will ever be king.”

John Hancock being one of the most ardent friends of the Revolution, was particularly obnoxious to the British, and a price was set on his head; this raised the spirit of the colonies, and they at once made him President of Congress, which drew upon him the special odium of the tories. During their imprisonment they frequently sent to the keeper for provisions and other articles. The following is from the original, now in the possession of the author.

“Mr. Viets,

If you have any *meet* Cooked, you will much oblige me by sending me a dinner, for I suffer for want.

Prison.

PETER SACKETT.”

This man was one of the thirty who afterwards were engaged in a bloody contest with the guard, and he made his escape at that time.

In Oct. 1773 the following Resolution was passed :

“*Resolved by this Assembly*, That the Treasurer of this Colony pay out of the public Treasury to Messrs. Wm. Pitkin, Erastus Wolcott and Jonathan Humphrey, the sum of one Hundred Eleven Pounds one Shilling and Sixpence lawful money, which is in full of their account exhibited for preparing the Copper Mines at Symsbury for a proper Prison, &c.”

An Act was also passed prescribing the terms of imprisonment. Burglary and Robbery were punished for the 1st offence with imprisonment not exceeding 10 years, 2d offence for life. For counterfeiting and passing counterfeit money, the same terms of sentence.

The keeper of the Prison was authorised to punish the convicts for offences by "moderate whipping, not exceeding ten stripes, and by putting shackles and fetters upon them."

Though the prison was deemed impregnable, yet by the following it appears that it was not entirely secure.

To the Honourable the General Assembly now sitting at Hartford :

We the subscribers, overseers of Newgate Prison, would inform your Honors that Newgate Prison is so strong and secure that we believe it is not possible for any prisoner put there to escape, unless by assistance from abroad; yet it so happens that one John Hinson, lately sent there by order of the Honourable the Superior Court, has escaped by the help of some evil minded person at present unknown, who in the night season next after the 9th inst. drew the prisoner out of the shaft; and we believe no place ever was or can be made so secure but that if persons abroad can have free access to such Prison standing at a distance from any dwelling house, the prisoners will escape; we therefore Recommend it to your Honors that some further security be aded to that prison in order to secure the prisoners: What that security shall be, will be left to your Honors; yet we would observe to your Honors that the east shaft where the prisoner escaped is about 70 feet to the bottom of the prison, the whole of which is through a firm rock except about 10 feet at top which is stoned up like a well; we therefore proposes that the upper part down to the rock be lock'd up, and stones about 15 or 18 inches square and of a suitable length be laid across said shaft about eight inches assunder, &c.—and as to the west shaft which is about 25 feet deep and secured with a strong iron gate about six feet below the surface, we propose that a strong log house be built of two or three rooms one of which to stand over this shaft to secure it from persons abroad, and the other rooms to be for the Miners &c. &c.—all which is submitted by your Honors' Most obedient Humble Servants.

{ ERASTUS WOLCOTT,
JOSIAH BISSELL,
JOH'N HUMPHREY. }

Hartford Jan'y 17th, 1774.

For a while previous to the year 1776, the caverns were used in part for the confinement of thieves, burglars and other criminals, and who were kept in the same apartment with the tories.

Permission was given by the authorities to employ them all in working the mines, and a guard generally superintended their work. In the year 1776, they attempted an escape by burning. A level had been opened from the bottom of the mines through the hill westward, for the purpose of draining off the water, and the

mouth of this level was chiefly closed by a heavy wooden door firmly fastened. They had by degrees collected sufficient combustibles, and with a piece of stone and steel they kindled a fire against the door, which burned as fast as damp fuel in a damp dungeon naturally could; but instead of making their escape from the prison, they all nearly made their final escape from this world, for the dense smoke and blue flame soon filled the apartment and almost suffocated them; search being made, one of them was found dead, and five others were brought forth senseless but finally recovered. They were afterwards placed in a strong wooden building erected for the purpose above ground. They soon set this building on fire, and burned it to the ground—nearly all escaped, but several were afterwards retaken. A few years after the block house, so called, was rebuilt, but prudence by the officers in the management was disregarded. Had they been more careful in adopting safeguards for themselves and the prisoners they might have avoided the dreadful scene which was soon to follow—a scene of conflict and blood.

As the war with England now raged with fury, the animosity between the Whigs and Tories had grown in proportion, and the seal of distinct party was in many places stamped with vivid impression, so that at this period the number doomed to the prison had amounted to thirty, and many of them were tories. They were a desperate set of men, and for their greater security a guard was allotted to each one, the thirty guards being armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. On the night of the 18th of May 1781, the dreadful tragedy occurred which resulted in the escape of all of the prisoners. A prisoner was confined by the name of Young, and his wife wishing to be admitted into the cavern with him, she was searched, and while two officers were in the act of raising the hatch to let her down, the prisoners rushed out, knocked down the two officers, and seizing the muskets of nearly all the rest who were asleep, immediately took possession of the works, and thrust most of the guards into the dungeon after a violent contest.

One of them Mr. Gad Sheldon, was mortally wounded fighting at his post, and six more wounded severely. Says a venerable old lady now living, "it was a dreadful sight to see the wounded guard as they were brought into our house one after another, and laid upon the floor weltering in their blood! When I came into the room the faithful Sheldon sat on a bench, his body bent forward, and a bayonet dripping with blood lying before him, which he had just drawn out of his breast—it was a deadly stab!" Many of the rebels were wounded,—some of them were assailed and gashed by their own comrades through mistake, while fighting in the

darkness of the conflict. Nearly all made their escape, except those who from their wounds were unable to flee. One was taken upon a tree in Turkey Hills, east of the mountain, — a few others were found in swamps and barns in the neighboring towns.

A Committee was appointed by the Assembly then in session, to repair to Newgate and inquire into the facts respecting the insurrection. They report the evidence in the case, some of which it is curious to notice in their own words. "Jacob Southwell was awakened by the tumult, took a gun and run out of the guard-house, and durst not go back for fear they would hurt him. N. B. A young man *more fit to carry fish to market, than to keep guard at Newgate.*"

"Nathan Phelps was also a sleep — wak'd but could do nothing, the prisoners having possession of the guard-house (a small lad just fit to drive Plow with a very gentle Team.) He went to Mr. Viets' and stayed till morning (poor boy!)"

"Abigail, the wife of Jno. Young *Alias* Mattick, says that the first night she came to the prison, she gave to her husband 52 *silver dollars* — her husband told her after he came out that he had given Sergt. Lilly 50 of them in order that he may suffer the prisoners to escape — that he told her the Sergt. purposely left the door of the south jail unlocked — that Sergt. Lilly was not hurt — that she borrowed the money of a pedlar — that she heard Lilly say it was a great pity such likely men should live and die in that place."

The following is too rich in orthography to be omitted. It is recorded as written in 1783.

"*To the Hon. General assembly, The humble petishen of Able Davis* — whare as at the honerable supene court houlden in Hartford in December last I was conficted of mis Deminer on the count of newgate being burnt as I had comand of said gard and was ordered to bee confind 3 month and pay fourteen pounds for disabaing orders, I cant read riten, but I did all in my power to Distingus the flame, but being very much frited and not the faculty to doe as much in distress as I could another time and that is very smaull, what to do I thot it was best to let out the prisners that was in the botams as I had but just time to get the gates lifted before the hous was in flames, and the gard being frited it twant in my power to scape them, I now pray to be Deflehaned from further in prisment, and the coust of said sute as I hunte abel to pay the coust, or give me the liberty of the yard as I am very unwell as your pitishner in Duty bound will for ever pray.

ABEL DAVEIS.

Hartford Goal January 14th 1783.

The struggles at this prison to subdue toryism, were doubtless greater than at any other place in any of the Colonies.

Few Tories were ever afterwards kept there, as the cause of liberty had now become so popular among all classes, that a person seldom could be found imprudent enough to avow publicly, monarchial sentiments.

In 1781 Congress had applied to the Governor of Connecticut for the use of Newgate as a prison for the reception of British captives taken in war, but it appears that the negotiation did not succeed.

The premises were at this time used by the State for the confinement of criminals, and they were kept chiefly at work in making wrought nails. It was not until 1790, that it was established permanently as a State prison. It is said to have been the design to employ the convicts in working the mines, which for a while was practised, but it was soon found that the convicts must necessarily have for that work, precisely the right kind of tools for digging out, and they several times used them for that purpose; this reason with the consequent necessity of keeping so strong a guard both day and night, finally induced them to abandon the employment. In that year, (1790) an act was passed constituting Newgate a permanent prison, and providing for the erection of the necessary buildings.

A wooden palisade, mounted with iron spikes was constructed, enclosing half an acre of ground, within which, work-shops and other buildings were placed, and a deep trench was opened on the western side. (The wooden enclosure remained until 1802, when a strong wall was laid in its place, which is now standing.) A brick building was erected in the centre of the yard for the officers and privates, in the rear part of which a stone apartment was afterwards constructed directly over the mouth of the cavern, and in this room the prisoners were occasionally kept.

Before proceeding further, it may be useful to describe the caverns more particularly as being the prison cells, and also to relate the general management and employments of the prisoners, &c. The passage down the shaft into the caverns, is upon a ladder fastened upon one side, and resting on the bottom. At the foot of this passage commences a gradual descent for a considerable distance, all around being solid massive rock or ore. The passages extend many rods in different directions, some of them even leading under the cellars of the dwellings in the neighborhood. In two of the passages are wells of deep water, one of which measures eighty feet — they serve for a free circulation of air to the inmates of this gloomy place, and were sometimes used for shafts through which to lift the ore, when the business of mining was carried on. On the sides and in the niches of the cavern, rooms were built of boards for the prisoners, in which straw was placed for their beds.

The horrid gloom of this dungeon can be realized only by those who pass among its solitary windings. The impenetrable vastness supporting the awful mass above, impending as if ready to crush one to atoms, — the dripping water trickling like tears from its sides, — ~~the~~ unearthly echoes responding to the voice, all conspire to strike the beholder aghast with amazement and horror! These caverns and their precincts, from their antiquity, and the dramas which have been performed within and around, will long be considered as a classic place. The caverns have generally been extremely favorable to the health and longevity of the occupants, which is supposed to arise from some medical quality in the mineral rock.

It is a curious fact, that many of the convicts having previously taken the itch or other loathsome diseases while confined in the county jails which were very filthy, on being for a few weeks kept in the caverns at night, *entirely recovered*; and it is perhaps still more strange that those who came apparently in health, generally had for a short time cutaneous eruptions which appeared to work out of their blood.

A writer upon the subject observes, "From the various windings and other causes, it is not cold there, even in the severest weather; and strange as it may seem, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that the mercury ranged 8 degrees lower in the lodging apartments of the prisoners in the warmest days of summer, than it does in the coldest in the winter. This phenomenon is attributed to the circumstance of the cavities in the rocks being stopped with snow, ice and frost in the winter, which prevents so free a circulation of air as is enjoyed in the summer. On the 18th of January, 1811, at eight o'clock, A. M. the mercury stood in the cavern at 52 degrees; and in open air, as soon after as it was practicable for a person to get up from the cavern, (which could not have exceeded five minutes,) it fell to one degree below 0." Among the numerous visitants at the prison an accident occurred which would seem very dangerous. Mrs. Christia Griswold of Poquonock, while standing at the mouth of the shaft leading down into the cavern, accidentally stepped off, and fell the whole depth striking on the rocky bottom. The buoyancy of her clothes or some other cause saved her life, though she received injuries from which she never entirely recovered. A prisoner afterwards fell at the same place, fetters and all, without appearing to injure him it is said, in the least.

By some, this place has been compared to the ancient Bastile of France, but the comparison is far from being correct, except in the frightful emotions which this dungeon is calculated to inspire. The floors and theroof of the Bastile were made of iron plates riv-

eted upon iron bars. The walls were of stone and iron several feet in thickness—the whole being surrounded by walls, and a ditch 25 feet deep. The entrance to each cell was through three consecutive doors secured by double locks. The scanty food, and the silent, unavailing grief endured by the wretched victims of that dreadful abode, often reduced them to entire idiocy; besides, they were taken from those death-like cells each year, and subjected to the horrible torture of the rack, which often dislocated their joints or crushed their bones, and all this perhaps for merely uttering a sentiment averse to some political party in power! The soldiers and officers also of the Bastille, except the Governor, were prisoners in everything but in name. When they entered the walls of that prison, it was for the term of their lives, and a wish expressed even to go out, was instant death. Newgate, in every respect, would bear no similitude to the Bastille. Indeed, the treatment of the prisoners and of the guard was often too lenient, although for disobedience, punishment was sometimes inflicted in the severest manner.

A description of the daily management of Newgate will, at this day no doubt, be useful. The hatches were opened and the prisoners called out of their dungeon each morning at daylight, and three were ordered to “heave” up at a time; a guard followed the three to their shops, placing them at their work, and chaining those to the block whose tempers were thought to require it. All were bro’t out likewise in squads of three, and each followed by a guard. To those who never saw the operation, their appearance cannot be truly conceived, as they vaulted forth from the dungeon in their blackness, their chains clanking at every step, and their eyes flashing fire upon the bystanders around. It resembled, perhaps more than any thing, the belching from the bottomless pit. After awhile their rations for the day were carried to them in their several shops. They consisted for one day of one pound of beef or three-fourths of a pound of pork, one pound of bread, one bushel of potatoes for each fifty rations, and one pint of *cider* to every man. Each one divided his own rations for the day to suit himself—some cooked over their own mess in a small kettle at their leisure, while others, disregarding ceremonies, seized their allowance and ate it on an anvil or block. The scene was really graphic, and might remind one of a motley company of foreign emigrants on the deck of a canal-boat, during their journey to the “far West.” They were allowed to swap rations, exchange commodities, barter, buy and sell, at their pleasure. Some would swap their rations for *cider*, and often would get so tipsy they could not work, and would “reel to and fro like a drunken man.” Old Guinea was frequently commissioned by them to go abroad and

purchase the "good creature" for them, and would often return laden with two or three gallons. Sometimes, by taking his pay out of the cargo on the road rather freely, his ship would get becalmed, when he would cast anchor by the way side for the night, making the consignees doubly glad upon his safe arrival "in the beautiful morning." All were allowed to work for themselves or others after their daily tasks were finished, and in that way some of them actually laid up considerable sums of money. During the day the guard were changed once in two hours, at the sound of the horn, and in the night a guard entered the caverns every two hours and counted the prisoners. The punishments inflicted for offences and neglect of duty were severe flogging, confinement in stocks in the dungeon, being fed on bread and water during the time, double or treble sets of irons, hanging by the heels, &c. — all tending to inflame their revenge and hatred, and seldom were appeals made to their reason or better feelings. From thirty to one hundred were placed together through the night, solitary lodging being regarded as a punishment, rather than a blessing to them, as at this day.

Their employment consisted in making nails, barrels, shoes, wagons, doing job-work, farming, and working on the tread-mill.

The following is a relation of some of the Anecdotes, Escapes, and Insurrections, which have occurred at various periods in Newgate prison, which may be relied upon as being in the main, correct.

In November, 1794, a convict by the name of Newel escaped from the prison by digging out. It was the practice at that time to allow the prisoners the choice of lodging in the stone cellar under the guard-room, (generally known by the name of the stone jug,) or of going from thence down into the caverns. During the night a noise below was heard by the guard, and some of them went down among the prisoners to learn the cause, but could discover nothing out of place. In the morning on counting them, as was customary, one was discovered to be missing. It was found that the prisoners, in some unaccountable manner, had contrived to loosen and pull out one of the large cubic stones on the bottom of the cellar. Through the aperture thus made, they hauled out the earth, pouring it down the shaft, and incredible as it may seem, they dug a hole through gravel, earth and stones, under the floor and wall large enough for a man to crawl out! It appears that when the guard went down among them in the night, the prisoners could hear their arrangements for descending, and instantly replaced the stone and prevented a discovery of their operations. Newel, being a very small man, had succeeded in making his escape first; he was never afterwards retaken.

In the year 1802 the prisoners rose upon the guard. The commander, Col. Thomas Sheldon was then sick, and soon after died; all the officers and guard were sick also, except Mr. Dan Forward, a private. With occasional assistance of people in the neighborhood, the entire charge of the prisoners, at that time amounting to between thirty and forty, devolved upon him. They had heard that many of the officers and privates were sick, and observing that one man performed nearly the whole duty their suspicions were confirmed, and their plot strengthened. It is not certain whether there was a fair understanding among them — if there was, their courage most miserably failed. While they were passing down into their caverns at the close of the day as usual, and when nearly all of them were going down the ladder, those who remained refused to proceed, and began an attack upon Forward who was standing near. He was a robust, stout fellow, over six feet high, and always ready for any contest; and instead of retreating, he returned their compliments, taking one by the neck and another by the heels, and dashing them down into the shaft upon the rest who had now begun to come up. The neighbors hearing a scuffle at the prison ran over to his assistance; but their aid was unnecessary, as Forward had vanquished his foes and turned their course into the dungeon. It is very likely that all could have escaped if Forward had betrayed the least sign of fear, or had resorted to persuasion. At this time a very contagious fever raged at the prison and soon began to spread among the convicts. It was without doubt owing to the filth in and around the prison, and to the want and care and attention to their cleanliness and comfort. The disease was so virulent that in order to arrest its progress, a barn was engaged of Capt. Roswell Phelps, into which they were to be removed — people in the vicinity were employed to take care of the sick and perform the duties of guard; but all the prisoners except three Irishmen being sick, it was found impracticable to remove them, and after some weeks the disease abated. None of the prisoners, however, died, and no other instance of a general contagion among them ever afterwards occurred.

In 1806, on the 1st of November, a rebellion occurred which for its results deserves notice. About thirty prisoners in the nail shop had procured keys made from the pewter buttons on their clothes, and with those keys they were to unlock their fetters. It was agreed that one of their number should strike a shovel across a chimney, and that was to be the signal for them all to unlock fetters, and commence an attack upon the guard, to wrest their weapons from them and use them to the best advantage. The signal was given — their fetters were unlocked, and two of their number began the attack. Aaron Goomer a negro, and another, seized

an officer by name of Smith, who not having time to draw his sword struck upon them with scabbard and all, and while the scuffle was going on, a guard named Roe, ran to the spot with his musket, and levelling it at Goomer, shot him dead on the spot — two balls passed through his head — his hair was singed, and his brains scattered around the shop. His comrade seeing his fate, returned to his post. The courage of the rest “oozed out at their fingers ends,” for not one of them dared to stir from their places, although their shackles were unfastened. Had a well concerted attack been made and sustained by the rebels at this moment, they would have commanded the prison in five minutes, and could have put to death every officer and private in their quarters.

Three brothers by the name of Barnes, natives of North Haven, were imprisoned together for the crime of burglary, in 1803. These were the most active and the finest looking men in the prison. They were very ingenious and adroit, and would construct almost any mechanism required of them — these were the fellows who planned the insurrection before spoken of, and they made the pewter keys for unlocking the fetters. They were experienced in making keys, and could once, it is said, open any store in New Haven; but their ingenuity at length brought them to an unfortunate place.

The fact is surprising that the same three committed the same offence again, and were convicted and imprisoned again just three years after! These brothers were regarded by the officers as extremely dangerous, and for various offences in the prison, they were kept bound with two sets of fetters during the day, and also chained to the block, besides being sometimes chained by their necks to a beam over head, and at night they were put into the dungeons and their feet made fast in stocks.

One of the convicts named Parker, had been famous for counterfeiting the character of *priest*. He had been known to have many violent attacks of pretended piety, generally appropriating to himself the name and office of an unordained minister — a part which he managed with a great deal of dexterity, and commonly without suspicion on the part of his “dear hearers” that he was an imposter. His exortations had been terrible to all *stoney hearts*, and where his preaching lacked mental light or logic, he always had ready supply of bombast and bodily contortions.

Another game it is said he performed to admiration. When he could hear of the absence of a long lost friend in a family, he would appear and claim the identical relationship himself, and act all the tragedy or romantic pathos of a joyful return.

In one instance he claimed to be the husband of a disconsolate widow, and was received by her with all the attachment suppos-

ble at such a happy reunion. How long her paramour managed to cajole her is not certainly stated, but he doubtless appropriated to his own condition the sentiment that "absence tightens the chords which unite *friends and lovers*."

How astonishing such adroitness! to be preacher and "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in"—to be brother, son, or husband, and appearing more natural so to speak, in a fictitious garb, than in his real character. When his term of service expired, and as he was passing out of the prison gate, one of the convicts exclaimed "wo to the inhabitants of the earth, for the devil has gone out among them."

Prince Mortimer, a prisoner lived to a very advanced age. He died at the prison in Wethersfield, in 1834, supposed to be 110 years old; he commonly went by the name of *Guinea*, which was probably given to him on account of his native country. His complexion did not in the least belie his name, for surely he was the personification of "darkness visible." His life was a tale of misfortunes, and his fate won the commiseration of all who knew him. He was captured on the coast of Guinea by a slaver when a boy—was transported in a filthy slave ship to Connecticut, then a slave colony, and was sold to one of the Mortimer family in Middletown. He was a servant to different officers in the Revolutionary war—had been sent on errands by General Washington, and said he had "straddled many a cannon when fired by the Americans at the British troops." For the alledged crime of poisoning his master he was doomed to Newgate prison in 1811 for life. He appeared a harmless, clever old man, and as his age and infirmities rendered him a burden to the keepers, they frequently tried to induce him to quit the prison. Once he took his departure, and after rambling around in search of some one he formerly knew, like the aged prisoner released from the Bastile, he returned to the gates of the prison, and begged to be re-admitted to his dungeon home, and in prison ended his unhappy years!

Samuel Smith *alias* Samuel Corson, a native of New Hampshire, while confined at Newgate for passing counterfeit money, wrote an account of his own life which was published in 1826. He stated many queer circumstances about himself and the various paths of crime which he had followed through life. It appears he had been a recruiting officer in the service and was stationed at Plattsburg, N. Y. One of his pranks is worthy of being recorded in his own words.

"One evening, I together with a number of other non-commissioned officers, took a walk down town for our amusement, and on our return home, I saw by a light through the window of a Mr. I's house, something laying very carefully rolled up, on a table, un-

der the window. I also perceived that there was no person in the room. I now thinking to get something rare and fresh, in order for our suppers, lifted up the window, and on putting my hand in, felt by its ribs and size, enough to convince me that it was a good *roaster*, and I of course made it a lawful prize. Putting it under my coat, I said nothing about it to my comrades, until our arrival at my quarters, where I had invited them to accept of some refreshment. After striking a light and introducing a good bottle of Brandy, I thought it the most convenient time to uncover my booty, in order to satisfy our craving appetites. At this moment, all eyes were gazing at the mysterious prize, when lo! to my utter surprise and astonishment, it had turned from a *roaster* to a *colored child*. You can hardly imagine dear readers, what were my feelings at this critical moment, not only from exposition among my fellow officers, nor disappointment in my intended and contemplated supper, but also, in the thoughts of robbing some unhappy parents of their darling child. I need not add, that they had a hearty fit of laughter, at my expense, whilst my wits were all to work in order to devise some manner of getting out of the hobble, and restoring the infant undiscovered, to its proper owners. This I thought best to do, by returning it immediately to Mr. I's, and in order to accomplish this, I took it again under my coat and repaired to the main guard, to obtain liberty to return to the village. On asking Lieutenant Ellison (who was officer of the guard) he discovered something white hanging below my coat, and insisted on knowing what it was; when I had of course to reveal the whole secret to him; he also laughed heartily and told me to go on. When I returned to Mr. I's, the house was filled with both men and women, who, having missed the child, did not know what to think of its mysterious flight. I had at first thought of leaving it at the door, but fearing the numerous hogs in the vicinity would destroy it, I altered my mind, and taking it by the heels, threw it into the room among them. At this crisis, how must they have felt, to see it re-appear amongst them, and feeling at the same time, the effects of innumerable particles of glass, which flew in all directions over the room. Their screams were indistinguishable—by which, in a few moments, not only the house, but the street was filled with astonished spectators; all anxious to know what was the matter. On my return home, I met many repairing for the house, and on some of them enquiring what was the matter up the street, I told them that I believed there was a crazy man in the house of Mr. I. On arriving at the barracks all was still, and I heard nothing more respecting it for some days."

A convict, by the name of Newman, was a noted prison breaker. Although he perhaps could not boast of unlocking, scaling, and

digging out of so many prisons as the famous Stephen Burrows, yet his character, as it was written, compared very well. He escaped in various ways from several prisons in Canada and the United States, but this one he said, "was the hardest and most secure prison he ever entered." However, he contrived several plans for escaping; once he feigned himself to be dead. He was accordingly laid out as a corpse, and preparations made for his interment; but before finding his carcase firmly under ground, he concluded it best to have his resurrection, and at length ventured to disclose to his attendants the important fact, that he would feel quite as comfortable in his long home if he could only get the breath out of his body and make his heart stop beating. He often pretended to have fits, requiring medical aid, and what was of more consequence, the aid of a little *Brandy* or *Madeira*. He was finally cured of these tricks with the threat of having the brand of *Rogue* set on his forehead.

It was frequently customary for farmers and others in the neighborhood to employ the prisoners in their fields, being accompanied at such times by some of the guard. They also performed a great amount of labor in quarrying stone for the prison buildings and other uses. Six of them on one occasion were sent out a short distance to quarry stone, in charge of one officer and two privates. With no fetters, and a fair field before them, they perceived the chance a good one for escape. Their plan was to get their keepers near together—to employ their attention about some trifle and quickly seize their arms. Accordingly they persuaded their keepers to peel off some birch bark and make some caps for them, and while the cap business was going on, and the attention of the *cap makers* was occupied in their vocation, their weapons were seized in an instant—the refugees dividing the spoils and forming themselves into squads, quickly scampered over the hills. The forlorn guards retreated to the prison—told their sad tale to the Captain, and at once received their discharge. The prisoners were all retaken—some in the western part of the State for stealing; the others stole a boat in Connecticut river, and steering down the stream leisurely, were captured in East Hartford meadows.

The wit of some of the convicts is well illustrated in an anecdote of one of them, an Irishman, named Dublin. He was at his work making nails, when at one time Maj. Humphrey who then commanded came along, and says to him, "Dublin, your nails are defective—the heads are not made alike." "Ah," said he, "Major, if our heads had all been made alike, faith, I should not have been caught here."

Dublin afterwards tried to escape by leaping over the paling.—He succeeded in getting upon the top, and in leaping down one of

the iron spikes with which the enclosure was mounted, caught in his fetters and turned him as he said "tother end up." For some time he hung suspended head downwards between heaven and earth, 17 feet high, until at last after tearing off his finger ends and nails in his struggles, he turned himself back sufficiently to disentangle his feet, when he fell to the ground and soon scampered among the swamps and bushes. There he remained until aroused by the unwelcome calls of his stomach, when he ventured out in the night, and opening a window in the neighborhood he appropriated to himself a good loaf of bread and a cheese, and again hid himself for two days. In trying to break his fetters with a stone he was overheard by one of the guard, Michael Holcomb, who called to him "Dublin what are you doing?" "I am driving the sheep out of my pasture," said he. "But Dublin you must come along with me." "Faith misthur Holcomb, surely this is not me," replied Dublin. He was taken to the prison where Holcomb received the reward of \$10 which had been offered.

In the spring of 1822, there was an insurrection of a very serious character. In the fall before between thirty and forty criminals were added to the number in the prison, and this reinforcement was composed principally of the roughest and hardest characters. Their terms of sentence were mostly long which served to fire them with desperation. The same fall a plot was set on foot by them for an outbreak, but it was discovered and defeated. The next spring they perfected their plans of operation in a most masterly manner. The insurgents comprised the whole number in the prison amounting to 130. Their force was stronger than ever before, and the number of guard less, being at the time only 17. The captain (Tuller) was absent through the night, also one sergeant, one private, and the cook. The intention of the rebels was to rise in all the shops, *en masse*, at a given signal to knock down the officers, take their weapons, and get possession of the guard house where the arms were kept, and then to take the sole command of the works. The signal was given in the nail shop by a blow from a shovel, and officer Roe was instantly knocked down senseless with a bar of iron — they seized his cutlass and then attacked a guard, but so many being engaged upon him at once, pulling different ways, that they did not succeed in getting his musket. Officer Case in the meantime stationed a sentinel, at the door of the guard-room, with a loaded musket and bayonet charged, which being noticed by the prisoners in the other shops, prevented their advancing to the attack, and seemed to dishearten them at once. The bold rebels in the nail shop kept up the struggle, and sledges, spikes, and other missiles flew in all directions, and confusion and uproar reigned throughout. At this critical mo-

ment officer Griswold arrived at the prison, and proceeded directly to the scuffle at the musket — he drew his pistol, fired upon and wounded a prisoner. Roe by this time had come to his senses; he arose from the ground and shot another, when presently several guard presented their cocked muskets, which immediately quelled the assailants. The general cry of the prisoners was now for quarters — “Spare us! — don’t kill us! — don’t kill us!”. The captain soon after arrived and bound the ringleaders in double irons.

Ephraim Shaylor, one of the guard, was sent out to accompany two prisoners, an Indian and a white man, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the prison where they were employed in reaping. At the close of the day, on their return, the prisoners requested permission to gather some apples and carry them home, to which Shaylor consented; he also was engaged in picking them up when they sprang upon his back, crushed him down, and secured his weapons — a cutlass and fowling piece. One of them took a large stone and was about to smash out his brains, but the other dissented, and they concluded best to take him to a copse of bushes near by and there dispatch him. One followed at his back holding him by his sword belt with cutlass in hand, and the other marched at a respectable distance, with musket charged in true military style, and onward they marched towards the fatal spot. Our hero now concluded that his final hour had come, and thought if he must die, there might be at least a *choice in the mode*; and considering that a shot in the *back* at such a crisis would be no dishonor, on a sudden he slipped the belt over his head and made for the prison, while the victors were disputing between themselves which should take the musket and fire upon him, — Shaylor reached the prison in safety, rallied several others and pursued them, but they were not to be found.

After their victory, it appears that the Indian proposed to the white man to break each others fetters, to which the other agreed, and after those of the Indian were broken, the crafty liar took speedy leave of his comrade without reciprocating the favor, thus proving that the old adage in this instance is not true, “there is honor among rogues.” The white man secreted himself in the mountains through the day, and at night went to a blacksmith’s shop in Suffield, and with a chisel cut off his fetters. Both were afterwards taken for crime and recommitted to Newgate, where their condition and that of their enemy as victor and vanquished was strangely reversed, and Shaylor had an opportunity of enjoying his right of laying upon their bare backs, a few keen lashes.

Mr. Shaylor afterwards held a commission in the army, was

engaged in the battle of Bridgewater, and was wounded — he now draws a pension and is a respected citizen of Green Bay, Mich.

A Thief by name of James Smith, a native of Groton, Conn., was imprisoned for horse-stealing, in 1822, for the term of six years. He had been a great counterfeiter, and circumstances which have recently come to light are evidence that he had been a *barbarous Pirate*. The piratical crew had sailed in a French vessel, and after obtaining much plunder, fearing to enter any port without regular papers, they sunk their vessel on the coast of North Carolina, carried their specie in three boats and buried it all except one large trunk full, on the beach in Currituck County. In corroboration of the above it appears that while he was a prisoner in Newgate, he offered David Foster, a guard, \$200 if he would assist him to escape, telling him he had a great quantity of specie buried on the coast of North Carolina. Foster refused but promised to say nothing about it — this he testified in court when afterwards called upon as a witness. Smith in a few months afterwards escaped from prison, and as was supposed, by bribery.

The following respecting him is related by Mr. Benjamin Taylor a planter now living in North Carolina. Smith and seven or eight others came to his house in the year 1822, and hired of him a room; they employed him with four of his slaves to cross Currituck Sound, and obtained a large trunk, very heavy, and returned to his house where they all remained about one week. While there he saw them divide a large sum of specie among themselves, and Smith appearing to be at their head took the largest sum — they were arrested on suspicion of being robbers, but for want of sufficient evidence discharged. They all then left for Norfolk, Va., except Smith, who remained several weeks, — during this time he appeared at times deranged, would talk to himself, and told the servants that he “had made many a man walk the plank overboard.” He then went to the north and was imprisoned at Newgate for stealing a horse. After his escape from prison as above stated, he returned to the house of Mr. Taylor and staid about one week — while there he employed several men in digging on the beach. Their search was fruitless, for the storms and waves had dashed upon the beach too long, and it is supposed swept the treasures into the ocean. He then went away to some place unknown to Mr. Taylor. It now appears from the prison records, that he came to Connecticut where he was taken and again sentenced for twenty-three years on *four* indictments for horse-stealing. His last home on earth was the prison, and there he died in 1836.

The last tragedy developed at Newgate, took place on the night previous to the removal to Wethersfield. Abel N. Starkey an in-

genious criminal was the victim. He was a native of Roxbury, Mass. — was committed in 1824 for 20 years, for the crime of making counterfeit money. By his ingenuity and industry at the prison he had amassed \$100 in cash. On the night of September 28th, 1827, he requested permission to lodge in the dungeon, which was granted to him. From some cause which has never been explained, the hatch which covered one of the wells communicating with the cavern, was unfastened. During the night he laid hold of the well rope and ascended upon it part of the way up; when it broke and precipitated him into the water and a bucket fell upon his head, the noise was heard above, and he was found dead. His feet were tied together with a handkerchief for the purpose, as is supposed of assisting him in climbing the rope. Only \$50 were found in his possession; the balance was probably the price paid for unfastening the hatch.

It would seem that Newgate prison in the course of its duration, had contained all which was various in character, determined in crime and deep in degradation. It compassed all ages from boyhood to extreme old age; both sexes, colors, and different occupations — students from college, and others unable to read or write. Those skilled in Phrenology might have had a rich treat in exploring the bumps on some of those hard heads, and the solving of their characteristics would have afforded amusement and perhaps instruction.

Seriously, it is difficult to account for the wayward inclination of some of them, especially those who were imprisoned a number of times and for the same kind of offence each term, unless it can be accounted for on phrenological principles. It may be said to indicate only a depraved heart, but a depraved heart must have a strange kind of head to run repeatedly into the same crime and get back to the same prison. But I leave it to those who understand the science to defend the ground, presuming that the truth of their cause will insure them a triumphant issue.

When the number and difference of characters kept in that prison is considered, and the treatment which they received is appreciated, it will at once be seen how unavailing the system must have been for their security or their reformation. The custom of fastening their feet to bars of iron to which chains were attached from their necks, chaining them to the block, and likewise to a beam above, while at their work, scourging their bodies like beasts, &c. taught them to look upon themselves in a measure as they were looked upon by others, objects of dread and possessing characters more like fiends than men. With such treatment, reformation must have been, and was entirely out of the question. The system was very well suited to make men into devils, but it could never make

devils into men. Instead of putting them in cells separate at night where they might have opportunity for reflection, they were suffered to congregate together, good and bad, young and old, to brew mischief, and to teach new vices to those unpractised. Their midnight revels as may be supposed, were often like the howling in a pandemonium of tigers, banishing sleep and forbidding rest.

It is not desired that these remarks, however, should be construed as imputing blame to the officers or guard of the prison — far from it. Although they were many times in fault, still as the prison was constructed, and in the way that service was required of them, it was impossible to preserve that degree of order and discipline so essential to success. They had no approved system of prison discipline to study, no correct views of punishment connected with reformation were at that day generally known, and but few branches of business were thought of, which would yield a fair compensation and save the State from cost.

The old prison buildings, with five acres of land, were sold to a company in New York, for \$1200 dollars — a sum probably far below their real value. A few years since, this company again commenced working the mines. They expended many thousands of dollars in beginning extensive levels, building furnaces, and in a steam engine to facilitate their operations. They also raised a considerable quantity of ore, some of which they smelted at their works, and some was sent to England. But owing to a reverse in business affairs and to the want of skill in those employed, the business was for the time again abandoned. The ore is said by experienced judges to be of excellent quality, yielding from 10 to 15 per cent. of pure copper, and samples of it have been assayed which yielded 40 per cent., while the mines of England are worked profitably which yield 4 to 7 per cent. of copper. One thing is quite certain — the work has been carried on by a variety of labor, by slaves, by free labor, by private individuals, and by chartered companies — and which of the kinds has succeeded best is left to the operators to decide. Too much time and money have now been expended in those mines to justify their abandonment, and it is hoped that a thorough trial will yet be made by those who are not deficient in capital and energy, upon their productiveness, and the question forever settled as to their intrinsic value.

SONG,

*Composed by DR. BUCK, and sung on the occasion of completing the
walls of Newgate Prison.*

Attend, all ye villains, that live in the State,
Consider the walls that encircle Newgate ;
Your place of abode, if justice were done,—
The Assembly in Wisdom, when they did behold
The first wooden pickets, grown ruined and old,
They granted a sum to the wise Overseers,
Which, amply sufficient to make the repairs,
And they did decide to repair with hewn stone.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and two,
A party collected, to split and to hew,—
Their names in my song, shall last with the wall ;
First Lieutenant Barber—the job undertakes,
Beneath his strong labor, old copper-hill shakes,
With his workmen in order, the stone for to square,
And others strong burdens with cheerfulness bear,
While each one delights to attend to his call.

The next in the column is sage Pettibone,
Whose skill in the work is exceeded by none.
To handle the gavel, or poise the great maul,—
With him senior Jared an equal part bears,
And in the hard labor he equally shares ;
While Gillett, and Holcomb, and Cosset appear
And Hillyer, all anxious the fabric to rear,
To lay the foundation—to strengthen the Wall.

Bold Harrington, Goddard, and Lieutenant Reed,
Each lend their assistance the work to proceed,
Perhaps there are others, whose names I don't call,
With hammers, and chizzels, and crowbars, and gads,
And Wanrax, with other poor prisoner lads,
To hand up the mortar, or carry the hod ;
Which may, to some strangers appear very odd,
To think the poor culprits help build their own Wall.

November the tenth, for the good of the State,
They finished the wall and completed the gate,
Which for numerous years may swing and not fall.
Then each one returns to his sweetheart or wife,
With plenty of cash to support them in life ;
With joy and with gladness for what they had done,
In hewing and squaring, and laying the stone,
Not wholly unmindful of building the Wall.

Now here's to the Landlord, before that we go,
 We wish him success, and his lady also —
 For their kind assistance to great and to small,
 For the benefit had from his plentiful bar;
 And the free intercourse which produces no jar,
 To him and his neighbors, and every good man,
 Who always we've wanted to lend us a hand
 To drive on the work, and finish the Wall.

Now last, to the prisoners, we make this remark,
 Who are left to the keeping of Commodore Clark—
 It may be of service, to one and to all,
 Repine not too much, though your lot may seem hard,
 You've a judicious keeper, and well-disposed guard;
 If you behave well you have nothing to dread—
 You've beef, pork, and sauce, and a plenty of bread,
 So behave well, and get the outside of the Wall.

Some of the prisoners were made to assist in building the wall, and it appears that they were permitted to participate in the *jollification* after it was completed. An Irish prisoner, named Patrick, offered upon the occasion the following toast:

"Here's to Lieut. Barber's great wall—May it be like the walls of Jericho, and *'tumble down at the sound of the ram's horn.'*"

The toast given by Dublin was equally sarcastic, viz:

"Here's health to the Captain and all the rest of the prisoners."

The present State Prison, of Connecticut, situated on the margin of a beautiful cove in the town of Wethersfield, is considered by all as a penitentiary of the *first order*. Its location, its construction, its management and discipline have won the admiration of every State in the Union. It has proved to the world, that criminal punishment can be made a safeguard to society, a reward to the honesty and industry of a people, and also a benefit to the moral and physical condition of the criminals. The prison limits comprise about one acre of ground, which is enclosed by a wall of hard sand stone, 18 feet high, 3 feet thick at its base, and inclining to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the top. Within, and adjoining this wall, are buildings of the same material, for work-shops and cells. In the yard is a cistern under ground, containing 100 hogsheads of water, and a fire engine is attached to the premises. A steam engine of 20 horse power, is connected with the shops for propelling machinery necessary to carry on the various branches of business. In one apartment is a place where the convicts are allowed to bathe at suitable seasons of the year. A portion of the cell building is whitewashed each day, which purifies the air, and gives to the lodging apartments an appearance of neatness; each one enjoys

that *blessing of punishment, a separate cell at night*, and no one is allowed through the day to look at any visitor, or to catch the eye of his fellow, but all are intent on the business before them. The whole cost of the establishment, including 17 acres of land, and including all the improvements to the present time, is \$56,908 36

The number of male convicts, April 1st, 1844, was 170

“ female, “ “ 22

Total, 192

The males are employed in making and finishing Chairs, Table Cutlery, Rules and Shoes.

The females in making Chair-seats, reeling Silk, Cooking and Washing, and Mending Clothes.

Daily routine of duty performed at the Connecticut State Prison by its officers.

At daylight the bell is rung for the officers, who immediately repair to the guard-room. When it is sufficiently light, the Deputy Warden gives the signal for manning the walls, and the Overseers take their keys, go to their several divisions, and again wait the signal, when they unlock, and march their men, with the lock step, to their respective shops. The convicts immediately commence work, and also begin at a given point in the shop to wash, which each man does in regular order before the breakfast hour.

At 7 o'clock the bell is rung for breakfast, the convicts stop work, form into a line in their shops, and wait the signal of the bell, when they are marched into the prison yard, and form a line in front of their buckets. At the word *right*, each man turns to the right; the word *up* is given, and each man takes his bucket upon his left arm, when they form into sections in close order, as marched from the shops, and at the word *forward*, they march in the same manner to the hall, where they are seated to hear the reading of the Bible and attend prayers. From thence they are marched around the cells, take their kids containing their breakfast as they pass the kitchen, and are immediately locked up. Each officer then reports the number of men in his charge to the deputy Warden, who, finding it right, gives the signal of “all’s well;” the Watchmen leave the wall and repair to the guard-room; all the officers then go to their meal, except one in the hall, and one in the guard-room, who are relieved in turn.

From half to three quarters of an hour is allowed, when they are again, as above, marched to their work, and there remain till 12 o'clock; the signal is again given, they are again marched up-

on a line, and in the same manner marched into and around the hall, the same as at breakfast, with the exception of "service." Time allowed for dinner, one hour. At one o'clock they are again marched to their shops, and work till six P. M., when they again form a line in front of their buckets; when the word is given, "one pace in the rear, march," each convict steps one pace back, when the officer having charge of each division commences searching, by passing his hands over the arms, body, and legs of the prisoner, and as each man is searched he steps to the front. When all are again in a line, the word is given to *uncover*, and each convict takes the cover from his night bucket; the officers pass and examine them; the words, *cover—right—up—forward*; and they march to the hall, attend prayers, and to their cells, as in the morning. The officer then in the hall lights up, examines each lock and door, recounts the convicts, and reports the number to the Warden or Deputy Warden. At half past 7 the signal is given, and each convict retires to his bed; the officer again examines the doors, sees that all are abed, and is then relieved by the Overseer, taking the first tour, which continues from half past 7 to 11 o'clock. He is then relieved by a Watchman, who takes what is called the middle tour, from 11 o'clock to half past 2; the Watchman taking the morning tour, or from half past 2 till light, relieves him. The above officers are required, while doing duty to be constantly on their feet, marching around the cells and upon the galleries to see that all is quiet and in good order. If any sickness or disorder takes place, he calls the watchman who acquaints the Warden or Deputy Warden who immediately repair to the hall, and take the necessary measures for relief of the sick or the suppression of disorder.

Duties of the subordinate officers.

Deputy Warden takes the principal charge of the internal affairs, under the direction of the Warden; spends the whole day in visiting the several shops and departments; sees that every officer performs his duty; attends to the wants and complaints of the convicts; and has a constant supervision of all the internal operations.

The Clerk assists the Warden in keeping the books and other writing; attends generally to the transportation of convicts from the county gaols; and when not thus engaged, performs such other duties as is required of him by the Warden or Deputy Warden.

The Overseers. After performing the duty of marching the convicts as above described, to their shops, it is the duty of the Overseers to remain constantly in their shops and with their men. They are not allowed to sit down, but must not only remain on their feet, but also exercise the utmost vigilance in seeing

their men work diligently, in order and silence. In case of sickness or disobedience, they are required to send immediately for the Warden or his Deputy; they also report in writing, before nine o'clock, A. M., all who express a wish to see the Physician.

The Matron and her Assistant have the charge of the Female Department, of convicts. Those employed in the cooking are unlocked by the Matron at 4 o'clock A. M., all seasons of the year, and are employed in cooking and washing, under the constant and immediate supervision and direction of the Matron, who attends personally to the weighing, measuring, and dividing of the daily rations. The Assistant Matron has charge of the work-room, where the females are employed in making and mending clothes for prison use, and in the manufacturing of palm-leaf hats, &c. After the labors of the day, they are assembled for religious service and instruction; immediately after which they return to their cells, and are locked in by the Matron.

The Watchmen are employed, *all the time*, in duty upon the walls, in the guard-room and hall, hospital, and in waiting upon spectators who visit the Prison; they are not allowed to sit, read or write, while upon any post of duty.

The Gate-keeper has the care of the gate leading into the yard, and takes charge of the out door hands and work.

The convicts have at all times free and unrestrained access to the Warden, and can, whenever they wish, see and converse with the Directors, or Director, when they visit the Prison. All punishments are inflicted by the Warden or his Deputy. No subordinate officer is allowed to leave the Prison, day or night, without permission of the Warden, or in his absence, the Deputy Warden.

Daily Rations.

One pound of Salt Beef three days in the week.

Three-quarters of a pound of Pork one day in the week.

Three-quarters of a pound of Fish one day in the week.

One pound of fresh meat with vegetables, made into a soup, one day in the week.

One pound of bread made of rye flour and corn meal for breakfast and dinner. Five bushels potatoes to each hundred rations.

Thirty-five pounds of corn meal and six quarts of molasses made into mush for supper, to each hundred rations.

One gill of vinegar and a sufficient quantity of salt and pepper per week.

The following is a Statement respecting the Convicts from official Documents.

Where born.	Where convicted.	Crimes.	Term of sentence.
Connecticut, 116	New Haven Co. 37	Burglary, 64	Life, 17
New-York, 18	New London " 24	Theft, 28	15 yrs. \$100 fine 7
Massachusetts, 19	Fairfield, " 38	Horse stealing, 13	10 " 500 " 1
Rhode Island, 11	Hartford, " 28	Attempt to kill, 10	10 " 100 " 1
Maine, 2	Litchfield, " 29	Arson, 11	4 " 50 " 1
New Jersey, 2	Tolland, " 10	Attempt rape, 9	2 " 100 " 1
Vermont, 2	Windham, " 11	Rape, 6	10 " 300 " 1
Delaware, 1	Middlesex, " 15	Breaking jail, 1	2 " 10 " 1
Virginia, 1		Manslaughter, 10	3 " 100 " 1
Pennsylvania, 3		Forgery, 3	3 " 50 " 1
Ireland, 8		Passing counter- 20	" 3
England, 3		feit money, 2	16 " 1
Canada, 1		Adultery, 11	15 " 5
Germany, 2		Robbery, 2	14 " 2
France, 2		Murder, 5	12 " 2
Isle of Maderia, 1		Bigamy, 1	10 " 2
		Attempt to murder, 10	9 " 7
		Stealing, 3	7 " 9
		Exposing child, 1	6 " 12
		Mayhem, 1	5 " 17
		Decoying child, 1	4 " 22
		Insanity, 1	3 " 28
			2 " 40
			2 " 6 months, 1
			1 " 6 " 1
			1 " 3 " 1
			1 " 1
			During insanity 1
192	192	192	137

It also appears that 76 of the whole number of males, have been married, and those 76 have 186 children, who unfortunately bear the odium of their fathers guilt. 125 confess that they almost daily used intoxicating drinks, and 38 could not read at all when they came into the prison,—most of them have since learned to read. The condition of the sick, and the instruction of the illiterate, are well attended to by the efficient physician and chaplain.

An intelligent convict of Wethersfield who came from Newgate, was requested to state the difference in the management at the two prisons, if there was any difference—when he replied as follows: "In Newgate it was hale fellows well met; but *here* the last thing at night is prayer, then retirement, where we see no one and hear no one during the evening; then we go to bed but cannot go to sleep; but *think, think*. If we get to sleep and awake in the night we see no one and hear no one, but *think, think*. When the morning comes and we go out, the first thing is prayer. We see our fellows but say nothing; at night again after prayer we go alone and *THINK, THINK*. This is the difference.

The following is considered as worthy of record from the notoriety of the characters described.

The first female convict ever sentenced to state prison in Connecticut, is *Thirza Mansfield*. She was convicted in New Haven, in 1825 of the crime of murder, and was sentenced to be hung, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life at Newgate. She is now suffering her sentence in prison at Wethersfield.

Augustino Robello an insane Spaniard, is now enclosed in a cell for the crime of murder. The victim was a boy whom he hewed to pieces in a most barbarous manner while in a fit of passion. He was committed in 1836 for the term of his insanity, and he now lies on his cot a frightful spectacle — a wreck of man, bereft of reason.

Daniel Bennett, a native of Maine, is now in prison for the second offence — his first crime was Burglary, and his second was Burglary with intent to kill. He stabbed the officer Ripley, who took him, and in June of the present year, he attempted to kill an officer of the prison. This man is one of the most desperate fellows confined in the prison. He is now forty-six years of age, about six feet high and well proportioned. Twenty years since he was a convict in the New Hampshire prison, and has since been confined in Maine and Sing Sing prisons. While at Sing Sing, he attempted to excite an insurrection in that prison. With a stone axe in hand, he made a rush, with the cry of "Come on boys — liberty or death!" Captain Lyndes met him however, and soon quieted him. He made a violent attempt to escape while at the New Hampshire prison, but was met by the Warden on the top of the wall, and driven back. He also attempted to take the life of the Warden, with a large sledge hammer during his first term at Wethersfield. A permanent home will doubtless be assigned to him by the next court.

Harvey Griswold, a native of Suffield, was committed in January, 1828, for twelve years, on four indictments, for passing counterfeit money. In October, 1835, he stabbed the Warden of the prison, and was for that offence, sentenced for life, — he was however discharged from prison by an act of the Assembly in August, 1842. He appears to be a reformed man, and has visited his former friends and acquaintance, by whom he has been received with respect. His grandfather, Capt. Sylvanus Griswold, of Windsor, was formerly one of the most wealthy persons in the county of Hartford, — he owned by inheritance and purchase, fifteen hundred acres of valuable land in Connecticut, and his power and influence were very extensive.

John Sharp, of Milford, was committed in June, 1836,—his crime was murder, and his sentence for life. He is said to be one of the most notorious villains in the prison, and is now supposed to have murdered *four or five* persons before he was taken and convicted! His heart is made of stern stuff, or his mind must be harassed with horror, by the remembrance of his dreadful crimes!

No convict has ever escaped from this prison. Its safe construction and active vigilance of the officers, would seem to banish all hopes of escape and render every attempt worse than useless. A large portion of the time since the institution was established, it has been under the supervision of the present gentlemanly and prompt Warden, Amos Pillsbury, who seems well adapted both from experience and talent to discharge its duties. Strict order and discipline is apparent in every department, and yet it would seem to be without any vain show of authority—no bars and shackles are worn—no armed sentinel is seen except on the towers—no muskets, swords, or pistols are carried within the walls, and it is only in the guard room that any weapons of death are to be seen.

The *expense* of Newgate prison to the State, for seventeen years previous to the removal in September, 1827, including building &c. erected, was more than \$125,000, being over \$7000 per annum, while the *profits* of the present institution for the same period have been more than \$92,000, being an average of over \$5400 per annum. The true causes of this difference are obvious to those who are acquainted with the former and present management. The Boston Prison Discipline Society, have done much to correct prison defects, and reform abuses. They waded through the filth of many prisons in our country, noted their errors, and aroused the public to their base deformity, and the thanks of the nation are due for their faithfulness, ability, and zeal.

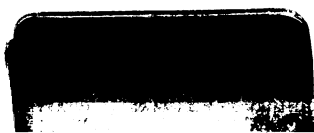
The spirit of improvement in prison discipline must now go forward, for the world have followed for ages the old system, and have proved it to be entirely useless,—convicts and keepers, and the community at large, have long sought for, and demanded reformation. In some States, they have commendably improved; and now Connecticut advances forth, and with honorable pride, exhibits a *model prison to the world!*



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